

American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
December 1924 **NEWS** *"I Serve"*





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with a crew of three sailors,
and it took long to make
because he could only work at night.
He saved the easiest part to do last
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sat down before the fire and
began on the crew.

Supplement to Junior Red Cross News

The Teacher's Page

By RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

DEVELOPING CALENDAR ACTIVITIES

Reports on Junior Progress

THE questions on the December page of the Calendar—"Does your county superintendent know of your Junior activities? Would he like to receive a monthly report?"—are worth thinking about.

The plan of having the pupil-secretary of the Juniors' Council make such monthly reports to the county superintendent of schools was successfully used in Buchanan County, Missouri. The *Outline and Course of Study* for these schools (1923-1924) contains the superintendent's statement: "These reports were very interesting last year, and I expect to read some of them at the teachers' meetings this year." The superintendent also said that he liked the plan because it offered him the only contact which he had with the pupils of the county.

In preparing these reports each room may submit an account of its particular projects, from which the secretary or a committee will select and arrange the most important features. The secretary may report back to the whole group in Assembly, or the reports may be posted on a bulletin board or filed in the school library. A duplicate may be sent each month to the Junior Chairman of the local Red Cross Chapter; and several times a year a summary of the most important activities of the school may be sent to the Division Director, with a duplicate to be forwarded to the Editor of the *News* at National Headquarters. Such reports serve:

- (1) to deepen the pupil's sense of responsibility for and interest in the Junior Red Cross;
- (2) to build a sense of active citizenship in school life;
- (3) to bring out, in a practical way, the close relationship between the Junior Red Cross, the school, and the community;
- (4) to check the work actually accomplished in a way that keeps the children themselves conscious of it;
- (5) to pass on to others ideas and accomplishments which will be an inspiration to them.

Sharing Correspondence Interests

The Central Division sends out suggestive recommendations for using portfolio materials to help make connections like those discussed above. These recommendations read:

After pupils have studied the portfolio—

1. Have a pupil representative at an Executive Committee meeting of your Red Cross Chapter, show the portfolio to the committee and explain the project.
2. Have pupil representatives display the portfolio and tell of the project to various clubs—the boys to such organizations as the Kiwanis, Rotary, Lions and commercial clubs; the girls to the various women's clubs.
3. Have pupils prepare newspaper articles for local papers, quoting interesting parts of the foreign correspondence.
4. Route the portfolio to different rooms or schools, perhaps through your superintendent, in order that others may enjoy it.

These uses of your Inter-School Correspondence will—

1. Arouse an interest in your Junior Red Cross work.
2. Give some idea of the extent and value of School Correspondence.
3. Show adults that you are employing practical and progressive methods and teaching more than is to be found in the textbook.
4. Broaden the horizon and sympathies of many, giving them a new answer to the question, "Who is my neighbor?"

Extending the Usefulness of Junior Red Cross Magazines

"Are there foreign groups in your community or city? You may be able to get delightful reading material for them in their own language. Subscribe for the Junior Red Cross Magazine published in their native country."

Suggestions in addition to these of the Calendar are:

(1) The encouragement of individual subscriptions to the *American Junior Red Cross News* in homes of foreign children by the children themselves. In this way illustrated news of their own lands will be taken into such homes in the American language.

(2) School or class subscriptions for foreign Junior publications to be used in language classes—French, Spanish, and perhaps Italian.

Any subscriptions to foreign Junior magazines may be sent through Division Directors.

Care of the Sick

The pages of the Calendar frequently carry suggestions about service to the sick, such as providing flowers for sick rooms, adopting a shut-in, and entering classes in Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick. Such hints may well be followed up, because care of the sick is a type of service for which everybody at some time has occasion.

Very practical help will be found in a little book entitled *Home Care of the Sick*, written for the *National Health Series*, by Clara D. Noyes, Director of the American Red Cross Nursing Service. The book deals with such problems as what to do at the first signs of sickness, how to make a bed, the right kind of sick-room, team-work with the doctor, the bath in bed, comfort for the sick, feeding the patient, home treatment, such as foot baths, the care of a common cold, the "catching" diseases, accidents, and medicine cupboards.

The text is in the simplest possible language. Technical terms are avoided; or, where they cannot be avoided, explained. Entertaining line sketches do their part to make the book readable. This little hand-book will be especially useful to rural school teachers where there are no Public Health Nurses, or to supplement the instruction of the Public Health Nurse. It is also a good book for teachers to recommend to mothers. It will prove practical, dependable, and convenient for quick reference. (Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York City. Price, 30 cents.)

THE DECEMBER NEWS IN THE SCHOOL

Christmas Stories

DO NOT spoil the delicate loveliness of the Christmas story by over-analysis. The teacher herself, or the best reader in the class, should read the story aloud. Then the Juniors may learn to tell it pleasingly for the Christmas story hour, both at school and at home. Little brothers and sisters, parents and grandparents, will enjoy sharing it. You may wish to suggest as a follow-up, with more mature English classes or pupils, that they read Van Dyke's *Story of the Other Wise Man*.

HERE is another story the purpose of which is best served if it is simply read, enjoyed, and used for retelling on the proper occasions. If your children ask that popular question, "Did it really happen?" you may tell them that it did. The story is based on an actual experience of the author, who is now Assistant Director of the Red Cross Public Health Nursing Service.

Ideas for Dramatizations

IN STRICT confidence, we will tell the teacher that the first country for which Christmas customs are described is France, the second is Roumania, and the fourth is Belgium. We won't tell even the teacher the name of the third country. She must guess. These sketches may serve as a basis for the original dramatization suggested in the Calendar. If you have the *News* filed for several years, your Juniors can supplement the suggestions given here by rereading the December numbers for 1922 and 1923. Almost all schools have Irving's Christmas stories in the Sketch Book as a basis for old English Christmas customs. Grace Humphrey's *Stories of World Holidays* was referred to in the last Supplement.

The Christmas play serves to remind us once more of what Christmas is all about—that it is the way we "pass our happiness down the caravan" that counts. One of the loveliest things about the Junior Spirit of service is that it helps to make Christmas "go round" the whole year around.

This is the third year that the American Junior Red Cross has helped to pass happiness on to children in other lands at Christmas time. Can you use the Christmas play not only for assembly dramatization, but to suggest other original dramatizations or tableaux based on the reports of Junior service? The children might show in several little scenes the happiness their National Children's Fund has brought to other Juniors, either at Christmas time or at other seasons. The strong interest in the proper care of Little Brother, aroused by the activity of posing for Miss Upjohn's picture, suggests that posing the poster in Assembly may deepen the interest of our children in these Lithuanian Juniors.

The Christmas Box at Plevn, p. 58.
With the Junior Red Cross in Lithuania, p. 59.
The Children in the Camp at Kovno, p. 60.
They Love Your Christmas Dolls, p. 62.

Children's Poetry

LITTLE folks will enjoy reading aloud the jolly toy poems, *My Teddy Bear* and *The Runaway Toys*. Embryo artists may make additional sketches or cutouts suggested by lines in the poems, and budding poets may be inspired to write original verses about their own toys.

Christmas is the kind of poem that sings itself. If the children read it through aloud several times individually or in concert, they will have it committed to memory before they know it. Remember that time is

saved, in memorizing, by reading a poem completely through each time (the "whole method") instead of learning one or two lines at a time (the "part method").

Teachers will find *The Children's Poets*, by Walter Barnes (1924, World Book Company, Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York), helpful in developing children's interest in reading poetry. Besides a valuable introduction, it contains interesting bits of biography. There are also well-chosen selections from Mother Goose, Ann and Jane Taylor, Robert Louis Stevenson, William Blake, James Whitcomb Riley, Frank Dempster Sherman, Laura Elizabeth Richards, Lucy Larcom, and Celia Thaxter.

Playing Games With Juniors

THE interest in games is one which can be made, very easily, to "lead out." The *Story of America and Great Americans*, by Bourne and Benton (D. C. Heath & Co., New York), has a suggestive section on *Games in the Colonies*. Some of our major sports, as well as singing and dancing games, have most interesting origins. Investigation of and report on topics of this sort may serve to initiate pupils into the use of library tools and to begin habits of self-dependence in learning.

Class discussion may open up such questions as the relative merits of various types of sport in building health, in drawing all into active participation, in emphasizing ideals of cooperation. Older pupils may wish to debate the question of competitive inter-school athletics.

An Educator's Comment

"THE Junior Red Cross is another excellent organization that principals and teachers should make use of in the work of the school. Realizing that the hope of the future lies with the children, the American Red Cross has organized the Junior Division, so that school children may be trained early in health ideas and in the habit of service. When school children are given an opportunity to understand how other children live, to learn what is their proper share of the world's work, and to cooperate in large plans for a better and happier childhood the world over, they have taken a long step toward good citizenship and toward world peace and good will.

"Every school could well be enrolled as a Junior Red Cross Auxiliary, and receive and make use of, in teaching history, geography, English, and civics, the *Junior Red Cross News*." (From *The Principal and His School*, by Elwood P. Cubberley. The Houghton Mifflin Co., N. Y.)

THE CHRISTMAS JEWEL

Ethel Blair Jordan

DEEP in the heart of the North Country a village crouched at the foot of a mountain, and here on winter evenings the children loved to listen to the tale of the Christmas Jewel. Long, long ago, ran the tale, there lived on top of the Great Mountain a Wise Woman who knew all the magic of the world. It was common talk in the North Country that he who made the finest gift and took it to her in the Christmas dawn would be rewarded with a wonderful jewel.

The villagers were busy folk who cared only for making toys to sell, but Conrad thought of the story night and day and at last resolved to make a gift for the Wise Woman. Though the old folks shook their heads and said the Great Mountain was guarded by pixies, three other children declared they would go too, and each began to carve a beautiful toy for the Wise Woman.

Conrad's gift was to be a ship, with a crew of three sailors, and it took long to make because he could only work at night. He saved the easiest part to do last, and two nights before Christmas sat down before the fire and began on the crew. But "Rat-tat-tat" came Neighbor Brown to the door with a tale of how the snow had buried the paths to the public well. Nobody could draw water, and would Conrad come and help to clear them? Up Conrad got and out he went and when he got back he tumbled dead-tired into bed. All next day he worked on the paths and so his ship had no crew at all. But it had a fine carved prow, with a figure-head; tall painted masts, and sails of whitest, softest linen.

In the frosty twilight of Christmas Eve the children gathered at the foot of the Great Mountain. The snow had drifted away from the path that wound upward into the dusk. Steadily the children climbed; the village lights grew dim; a quiet wind blew, and one by one the stars came out. Still they climbed: the stars shed a silver lustre on the snow; the silence crackled and rang.



In the frosty twilight of Christmas Eve the children gathered at the foot of the Great Mountain

Suddenly from a clump of firs there came a whine; a shepherd dog limped forward, leaving a trail of blood upon the snow. They gathered round him pityingly. Was there nothing they could do? The dog wagged his plummy tail appealingly. Conrad slowly set down his wonderful ship and tore the soft white sails into bandages. The dog licked the neatly bound foot, thanked Conrad with a cold wet nose, and went his way.

For hours and hours they had trudged along when they heard a long-drawn howl: fiery eyes glared at them.

"A wolf!" cried Conrad. "Light torches!"

But nobody had brought any torches and the pines had no accessible branches. The wolf crept nearer.

"What need of masts where there are no sails?" quoth Conrad sturdily and soon each child carried a

blazing mast that cast queer dancing shadows on the snow.

The wolf-eyes blinked uncertainly; it was early winter and other game was plentiful; better not meddle with these flaming children! So thought the wise old wolf and slipped away.

Up and up went the children. The wind grew icy and the Christmas stars seemed to snap and sing with the cold. After several hours the Smallest Boy fell down and cried because he was too cold to go further.

"Well," said Conrad, "a ship without crew, masts or sails is no good on sea or land. We will send it up in smoke!"

So they kindled a fire with their half-burned torches and set the ship in its midst. Its light flared high, and far-off mountain villagers exclaimed: "See! The Christmas Elves are at their revels on the Great Mountain!" The shivering children warmed themselves gratefully, but Conrad shut his eyes that he might not see the little figure-head burn. But the fire died and the children whimpered in the chill dawn winds.

"Come, we're near the top!" cried Conrad. "Let's sing as we go!"

Cheered by his gaiety they climbed on, while carols floated down the hillside.

Now they had reached the top, and a wide plain stretched before them. Surrounded by red-starred holly trees and dark firs stood a thatched-roof hut, from whose open door ruddy fire-light streamed. The Wise Woman came to meet them, clad in green velvet, a holly wreath upon her shining hair. White rabbits hopped along beside her and a little brown bear ambled behind.

"For seven times seventy years," said the Wise Woman, "no human has set foot upon my plain. Thrice welcome are you on this Christmas Day."

When they were warm they showed their gifts.

"Why have you nothing?" she asked Conrad.

He hung his head in shame, but the Smallest Boy stood forth bravely and told the tale of Conrad's ship: of the crew that never was: the sails that helped a suffering dog: the mast that drove away a wolf: the ship that warmed a half-frozen boy.

"And he sang," concluded the Smallest Boy, "and helped us reach the top."

All the others nodded seriously, and the Wise Woman laid a tender hand on Conrad's shoulder.

"I cannot give you the Christmas Jewel," she

said, smilingly, "because you have it already. Look!"

There on Conrad's breast shone a golden star; its five points bore five words: Citizenship: Kindness: Courage: Unselfishness: Cheerfulness. In its center a splendid ruby glowed and flashed as if a hundred tiny fires were burning in its depths.

Conrad clasped the jewel to him and the walls of the hut seemed to melt away: a sound of joybells and happy laughter filled the air: all over the world children were making merry: whatever their race or creed or clime, kind words spoken and kind deeds done proclaimed the Christmas spirit.

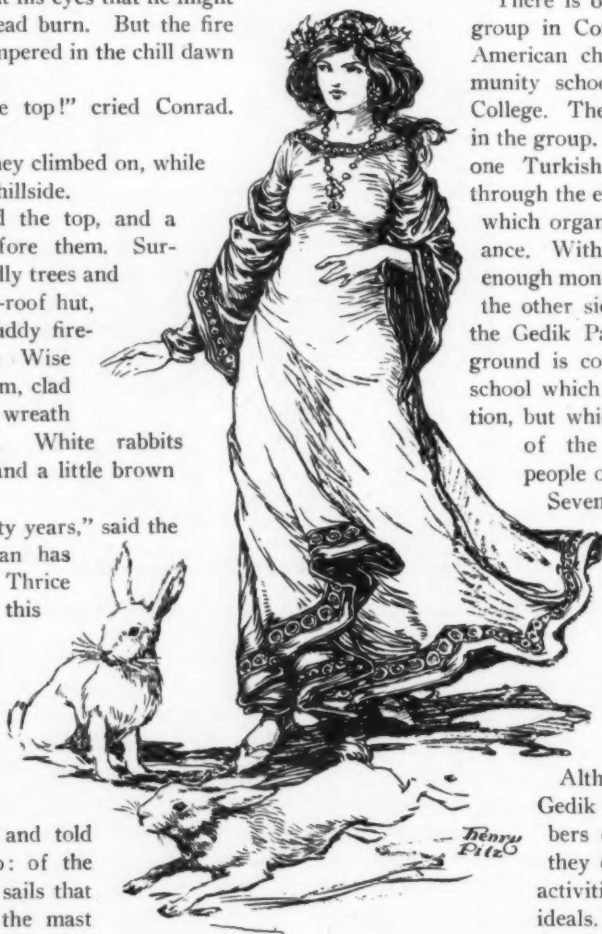
"Keep the star close to your heart," said the Wise Woman, "and you will tread a golden path of joy. For the name of the Christmas Jewel is Service."

AMERICAN JUNIORS IN TURKEY

There is one little Junior Red Cross group in Constantinople, composed of American children attending the community school connected with Robert College. There are forty-nine members in the group. They recently raised fifty-one Turkish pounds (about \$25.00) through the efforts of the Eighth Grade, which organized a theatrical performance. With this as a start they raised enough money to open a playground on the other side of the Golden Horn in the Gedik Pasha district. This playground is conducted in the yard of a school which is under American direction, but which is attended by children of the district which includes people of many races and nations.

Seventy youngsters are let through iron gates every hour and a half for four play sessions a day, five days of the week. To see the swarms outside and climbing the gate, one would think that it was the gate of Paradise.

Although the children in the Gedik Pasha school are not members of the Junior Red Cross, they carry on many interesting activities to promote Junior ideals. They follow the rules of the health game which they have printed on green cards. They also have formed a health club which studies First Aid and Home Hygiene. They recently held a health poster contest in which the winners were a Turkish girl and an Armenian boy.



The wise woman came to meet them, clad in green velvet, a holly wreath upon her shining brow

CHRISTMAS GUESSING CONTEST

To the question, "How do you spend Christmas Day in your country?" have come replies through school correspondence. The replies from four different countries are quoted in part below. Read these and guess if you can each country whose Christmas customs are described. Books on holidays from your school library or the public library will aid you in making a good guess. Your teacher, if you will ask her, will tell you how well you have succeeded in naming the right countries.

I.

ON Christmas Eve the whole family gather together in their largest room and prepare the turkey to be cooked before an enormous fire, around which they sit, children and all.

If a grandfather of the family is among the party, he tells Christmas stories to the children, of beautiful princesses who give rewards to the good children and of terrible monsters who punish the naughty ones. These legends are sometimes so very graphic that if some one knocks on the door suddenly the poor children fly under tables and chairs to hide themselves, lest these terrible dragons should be really arriving.

Just before midnight, all get ready to go out to the midnight mass, children also. If the children are old enough, they cast longing looks at the turkey as they depart. The weather is generally very cold and the snow thick upon the ground. When mass is over, everyone returns home gay and happy, wishing a "Happy Christmas" to one another by the way.

When they get back, they sit around the table and begin what they call the "reveillon" or Christmas supper. The children are, of course, delighted and watch for each dish as it appears on the table. At last they go to bed to dream of the beautiful things they will find in their shoes in the morning from Father Christmas.

II.

AT Christmas we go about with a plough and with a lighted star, singing carols; two very old customs.

On Christmas Eve we make a star out of colored paper, fastened to a stick and lighted within; we go from house to house informing people of Christ's birth,

while the bigger boys go about with the plough. It is drawn by four or six horses, decorated with all sorts of ribbons. In front of each house the boys stop the plough to make a furrow while they cheer and wish the people good luck and prosperity. They get sweets and fruit for their good wishes.



Painting by a pupil in the Cizek Art School, Vienna

III.

ON Christmas Eve we hang our stockings up by the hearth and eagerly await morning. We are up unusually early Christmas morning to see what Santa Claus has left us. Did you ever see Santa Claus? In our childhood pictures he is a jolly looking man, and he wears a red coat and hat trimmed in white. He has high, black boots and comes every Christmas Eve. He comes in a sleigh, with bells, while reindeer pull the

sleigh. However, he only comes to the houses where the children are good. He fills our stockings with goodies and leaves presents. He does not come if we are not asleep. This is all one of the precious memories of our childhood.

IV.

ON Christmas Eve, cooks are in a hurry to prepare all sorts of good things. The principal piece is a big goose filled with truffles. When the evening comes friends and relatives arrive at home to spend the night all together. During this night we play games, such as dominos, or read interesting books. At midnight we eat the goose, sausages, and other good things. During the rest of the night we have pancakes and warm wine.

At Christmas we have no gifts as you have. We receive presents on December 6th, on Santa Claus' Day. You see the manner in which we spend Christmas is very different from yours.

A CHRISTMAS MORNING MIRACLE

"MOTHER, mother, come here—come here quick!" Ann was most excited. Scarcely could she believe her eyes. Though it had snowed all night, the window ledges had become green and red—"A miracle, a miracle, Mother, *do* hurry." Mrs. Anderson, hastily pulling on bathrobe and slippers, rushed into Ann's room to find her little daughter who week after week lay so listlessly in bed, sitting bolt upright in the cold room pointing to her windows.

A miracle had happened, indeed. There on the window ledges were green boxes filled with evergreens, swamp holly berries and rose haws.

"The Christmas fairies have brought them, Mother—oh, *please* let me touch them and have them real close up."

In a minute Ann's little nose was down in the fragrant pines and her white hand, like a little white butterfly, touched red berries and green needles. There among the green leaves and crimson berries, Ann discovered a ribbon which invited pulling. A card appeared. Ann saw only a little Red Cross, but there was a message which her mother read to her.

"In the woodshed is a bundle—in the bundle is a gift—in the gift is Christmas love."

It was a big one—all done up in just the fashion that makes packages so beautiful and so mysterious. There were layers of wrapping paper with little hand-made holly spray decorations and red strings all very nice themselves, but they weren't half as alluring as the white tissue paper packages which they covered. Ann opened the biggest package first. Out from the wrapping paper came the softest, gayest thing imaginable. It was a cover for her bed—gay colored knit squares—so soft and so pretty that Ann gathered it into her arms to put her cheek against its fluffy folds.

"Mother, please open *that*," she urged after a bit, as she slid back into her pillows a very tired, but very happy, little girl.

Helen Teal

And out of this package came a botany book, a collection of pressed flowers and leaves.

"More out-doors," said Ann. "Mother, *wishes* do come true sometime, don't they? Do you suppose there's a doll in that one?"

It *was* a doll—one of those nice soft dolls that one may cuddle down with in bed at night. In the pocket of its dress Ann found a wee note which read:

*We, the Junior Red Cross of Waterloo,
send Christmas Greetings
to you,
Ann.
Please write to us.*

The Waterloo Juniors, as you may guess, had known Ann a long time before Christmas. About the second week of September Miss Gray, the Red Cross chapter's public health nurse, had come to the Juniors' first meeting. She told them of Ann—who liked summer days, spent out-doors on her cot watching the trees and the flowers and the butterflies—her only friends and play-

mates. When winter shut these away from her she pined and fretted and lost the pounds gained in the summer.

"Could the Juniors adopt Ann and bring to her some of their out-doors to make her winter days different? I think," said Miss Gray, "if Ann is happy this winter, she'll gain more and maybe next spring she will be able to walk."

Never in their work or play did they quite forget Ann. On happy excursions across the fields and into the woods they searched for leaves and flowers and queerly shaped seed pods for the botany book. They saved their best colored drawings of out-door things, and in their setting-up exercises they took extra deep breaths, hoping, as

their teacher explained, that indirectly these exercises and deep breathing would help Ann.

The deep breaths really did help, for the boys sawed and nailed and painted more accurately as they built



They went far into the woods to get pine branches

JUNIORS AT HOME AND ABROAD

Dear Companions:

Accept, please, our best thanks for your gifts. More than gifts we appreciate your kind heart, when we think that there, so far off, are some children who care for us and share their toys with us. Be sure that, whether at play or at studies, I shall often imagine that you are with me. I kiss you heartily and ask you, if possible, to come to Poland and also to tell your companions that one of the first proverbs that arose in the Polish language is "Guest in the house, God in the house."

W. ROZKRUTOWNA.

My dear American Friends:

Here again is Christmas. It brings me to my home and family for a few days. For five years you have taken a great interest in me and greatly aided my mother and me to live and continue my schooling. For this reason I cannot let the old year finish without sending to you my very best wishes for your happiness and good health for the coming year, at the same time thanking you with all my heart for the sympathy which you have shown me, even to this day, as well as to many of my little French brothers.

Once more I send you my best wishes for a happy Christmas.

Believe, dear little friends, in my sincere gratitude.

One of your little protégés who does not forget you,

PIERRETTE JEAUDET.

What the Junior Red Cross Everywhere is Doing for Crippled Children

It is more especially in Canada and the United States that the Junior Red Cross has taken up work for crippled children. The European Junior sections, which are mostly younger and still pre-occupied with questions of organization, are devoting their attention to development of the movement and to needs of urgent necessity. Work for crippled children constitutes a national project of the Junior Red Cross in Canada. The entire amount of funds collected by the Juniors is reserved for the treatment of sick and crippled children. In the United States



A Joyful Giver

the work of the Junior Red Cross for crippled children is not so widespread as in Canada. Certain isolated groups are, however, interested in this activity. In New York, Juniors have organized a transport service for crippled school children. Besides this, Juniors make clothes, toys, etc., for crippled children and arrange parties and Christmas trees for them at Christmas with great success.

In Hungary no general program has been arranged for the aid of crippled children, but special schools of these children have formed groups of Junior Red Cross. These groups are among the most active and enthusiastic of the Hungarian Junior section.

In Czechoslovakia several schools for crippled children have formed Junior groups and taken part in all activities of the Czechoslovakian Juniors.

In Roumania many schools take an interest in crippled children in hospitals. Twice a week the school children visit them, bringing gifts of toys and fruit.

In Bulgaria certain groups have expressed their desire to do something for children suffering from bone tuberculosis.



LATVIAN CRIPPLED GIRL

Propped on her elbows, for she can't lie on her back, deep in the pages of the Latvian Junior Red Cross magazine, made possible by the National Children's Fund

CHRISTMAS ENOUGH TO GO ROUND

A PLAY FOR THE YULE-TIDE SEASON

Louise Franklin Bache

A living room at Christmas time. Tables and chairs stacked with presents and filled with tissue paper and wrappings, etc. Two girls are busily engaged in tying up Christmas packages. An old carol is being sung.

Suggested song, "I Saw Three Ships Come Sailing in on Christmas Day."

If it is not possible to have the singing done behind the scenes, a like effect may be produced by massing the singers in front of the stage and having them sing the songs quietly.

PHYLLIS (cocking her head on one side as she arranges a bow on top of a package): There, that is finished. It is one of those *have-to-give* because you *will-be-given-to* presents. How I hate them!

ANN (wearily, measuring her ribbon): Yes, I know. That is the awful part about Christmas. It's just too much of everything! Things you like and things you don't. But mostly ones you don't.

PHYLLIS (savagely slashing at the paper with her pair of shears): Year by year in every way Christmas is getting worse and worse.

Both girls bend over their work. Song is heard off stage. Suggested song, "Oh Little Town of Bethlehem." During the song a little maid in Pilgrim costume enters. She walks demurely with her hands clasped to her breast. Phyllis and Ann are so engrossed in their work they do not see her. At the end of the song the Pilgrim Maid comes close to the girls and drops them a courtesy. Both girls jump to their feet in surprise.

PILGRIM MAID: May the peace of the Yule-Tide season abide in your hearts always.

PHYLLIS (breathlessly): Who are you?

PILGRIM MAID (bowing again): I am a maid of Plymouth town come to wish you Godspeed on Christmas Eve of the year 1621.

PHYLLIS and ANN (in great surprise): 1621?

PILGRIM MAID (courtesying): Aye, if it please you.

PHYLLIS (recovering herself and her manners at the same time): Please won't you be seated? (She pulls up a straight-back chair.)

PILGRIM MAID (seats herself in stiff and proper manner. Takes out a sampler and begins to work on it).

ANN: Are you getting your Christmas presents ready?

PILGRIM MAID: We make no Christmas gifts in Plymouth town.

PHYLLIS and ANN (in surprised tones): No presents?

PILGRIM MAID (quietly): Nay, the Governor says there are more necessary things to do. He has forbidden all gaming and revelling on Christmas Day. We are a new people in a new world. We must build homes and fill our granaries before there is time for other things.

PHYLLIS: It is downright wicked I call it not to celebrate Christmas in some way or other.

PILGRIM MAID: We keep it in the place it counts

most—in our hearts. Some day when this new country is built there will be opportunity for presents and frolics. Let us hope the boys and girls who live then will appreciate their blessings and give thanks to the One who has made them possible. (Gathers up her work, courtesies, and departs.)

PHYLLIS: All sorts of queer things are possible, I suppose, on Christmas Eve, but truly this is beyond me.

ANN: And me.

Tune of the Virginia Reel is heard off stage. Both girls show their astonishment as a boy and girl in the costumes of '76 come dancing in. They go through the steps of the Virginia Reel. A negro fiddler on stage will help to complete the picture.

Additional partners in the reel may be used if the space permits. At end of the dance the little group, followed by the fiddler, trip gaily out. A girl returns.

REVOLUTIONARY MAID (courtesying to Phyllis and Ann): May your Christmas hearth be bright with happiness.

PHYLLIS and ANN (together): The same to you!

PHYLLIS (recovering herself): Would you mind letting me know who you are, please?

REVOLUTIONARY MAID (bowing): I am a maid of the American Colonies, and this is Christmas Eve of the year 1776. Judge not my heart by the gaiety of my feet this eventide. I do but dance to keep my spirits up. My father and brothers are out in the wilderness fighting to save the colonies, and so it is a sad Christmas.



LATVIAN GIRLS MAKING GARMENTS

During this period of struggle, Latvian Juniors are helping children in the devastated area. The making of garments is very popular. Materials have been furnished by American Juniors

ANN: Does that mean that you will receive no presents?

REVOLUTIONARY MAID: Our Christmas gifts will come when the war is over and we have won the thing for which we fight. (Smilingly) 'Tis my true belief that when that happy day comes there will be presents enough to go round for everyone. (Courtesies.) As she starts to leave there are heard the words and soft music of "America, the Beautiful," by Katherine Lee Bates. Revolutionary Maid pauses and waits until the conclusion, then blowing a kiss to Phyllis and Ann she trips lightly off stage.)

PHYLLIS and ANN (together): Well, I never!

Enter a boy and girl in the costume of 1849. The girl is carrying a crudely made doll. The boy displays proudly a pair of knitted woolen mittens.

PIONEER GIRL (turning to boy): Did you ever see such a bea-ut-i-ful dolly?

PIONEER BOY: It's all right for a girl, I guess, but these mitts are the real thing. Wish every boy in the caravan could have a pair like them. Makes me feel sort of bad when I know there are others who can't. I've thought of a scheme, though. I'm going to let each boy wear them when it comes his turn to drive the horses. There isn't much fun celebrating Christmas all by yourself. It's passing it around that counts.

PIONEER GIRL: That's the way I reckon it, too. I'm going to let every girl I know hold my Christmas dolly as long as she wants to.

PHYLLIS (advancing to the group which up to this time have not noticed that she and Ann were present): We have heard what you said. We couldn't help it. Won't you please tell us who you are?

Pioneer Boy takes off cap and bows low; Pioneer Girl bobs her head awkwardly.

PIONEER BOY: Folks call us pioneers. We are traveling to Oregon in covered wagons.

PIONEER GIRL: And it's Christmas Eve of the year 1849.

ANN: And are these all your Christmas presents?

PIONEER GIRL (proudly): It's not what you receive at Christmas that counts. It's the way you pass your happiness down the caravan that makes the day merry.

PIONEER BOY: We must run, Sis, wagons won't wait for anyone.

PIONEER GIRL (smiling): No, not even for my beautiful Christmas dolly.

Boy takes her hand and laughing they race off stage, turning to wave "Merry Christmas" to Phyllis and Ann, who return their greetings in a more or less puzzled fashion.

PHYLLIS: Christmas Eve or no Christmas Eve, dreams or no dreams, I feel as though I had had my eyes and ears open "wide up," as our old colored nurse used to say. Just to think of that boy being proud of owning a pair of clumsy looking mitts and eager to share them with all the other boys in the train and that little girl being so happy over an ugly, made-at-home doll. Ann, I am ashamed of myself. The heroes and heroines of our history books have made it possible for Christmas to be such a big and generous thing in our country that it seems to me everyone of us ought to consider it our duty to see that Christmas is "passed on down the caravan," as the pioneer girl said, and that everyone gets a share.

ANN: Here's my hand to it, Phyllis dear, and a Christmas kiss as a seal. (Kisses her lightly on the forehead.)

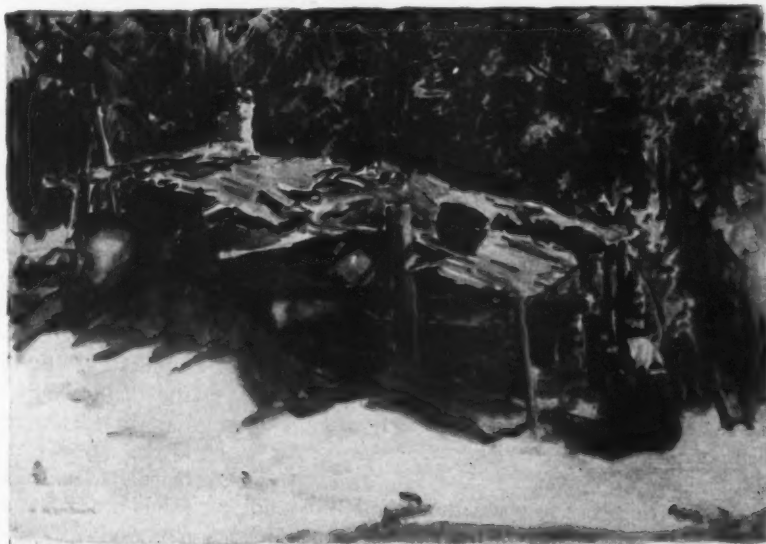
Chimes are heard off stage. Phyllis and Ann hand in hand come to the front of the stage. The Pilgrim Maid, the boys and girls in the '76 group, and the Pioneer Boy and Girl join them on either side. They stand hand in hand in long row facing the audience and join the chorus in the words of an old Christmas hymn. Suggested song, "Holy Night." At conclusion the children courtesy low and trip happily off stage.

A CHRISTMAS MIRACLE

(Continued from page 54)

the window boxes, and the girls made neater stitches more easily as they fashioned the doll dresses and knitted the coverlet.

And the long deep breaths and the exercised muscles helped in the long walk two days before Christmas when the Juniors went far into the woods to get the swamp holly, the rose haws, and the pine branches with which they filled the window boxes and made the Christmas morning miracle for Ann.



THE DUGOUT

A chimney projecting above it and a thread of smoke proclaimed it as a house; otherwise it might have passed as a sheep cote. This family is only one of many thousands in Latvia in similar plight (See Miss Upjohn's Story in the October News)

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THE CHRISTMAS BOX FROM PLEVEN

IT is easy to imagine the surprise of a group of New York Juniors and their teachers when they receive, about Christmas time, a box of gifts from the pupils and teachers of a school in Pleven, Bulgaria. While this box from Bulgaria comes addressed to a group in New York, it is, in a sense, intended for all American Juniors. It is accompanied by a letter from the American Junior representative in Bulgaria and other Balkan states, which is here printed in order that the Bulgarian Christmas message may be enjoyed to some extent, at least, by American Juniors everywhere.

PLEVEN, BULGARIA, June 20, 1924.

*To the Teachers and Junior Red Cross Members in the
U. S. A. receiving gifts from Pleven, Bulgaria.*

DEAR PEOPLE:

Because, in a way, I am your representative here in Pleven—your eyes and ears, your understanding heart—I want to tell you the things I have seen and heard and felt to be true here in order that these gifts which are coming to you may bring their full meaning. The action of the children and teachers in Pleven in preparing these gifts has touched me so deeply that I want to share with you, the recipients, my sense of its significance.

The St. Nicholas Pro-gymnasium, the school sending these gifts, has the most active of the town's Junior groups under the leadership of Miss Grantcharova, who is best described in the words of Stoyan Zaimov, poet and patriot, as "having the soul of a goddess." She has worked almost alone to develop the Junior Red Cross,

always with a deep, fine understanding. Her children wear badges, on gala days, which read, "I comfort the suffering and I help the needy, whether he is my friend or enemy," and they carry flags which say, "I serve the ideals of the Junior Red Cross." Perhaps you would like to write to them and ask them to describe their Junior Red Cross work.

In these packages so carefully tied and sealed, I do not know what you will find—things typically Bulgarian, some of them, I have no doubt—bright-colored woolen aprons, such as the peasants wear, perhaps, and hand-woven cloth with crinkly silk stripes in it, made from cocoons the people raise and spin themselves—miniature spindles with wool on them and miniature wooden canteens for water or for wine. Perhaps there will be funny things, cheap things from shops—one can buy very little that is really nice in the shops in the Balkan states—things children have brought from home, such as "Slatko," their excellent preserve that they serve to all guests, on little plates, with a spoon and a glass of cold water. How I hope it will not leak on its long journey!

The cardboard boxes, I know, will amuse you, so closely have they tried to follow the American original! They had the town box-maker make these up specially—at a cost approximating ten cents each—which is the price of a restaurant breakfast in Bulgaria and a large fortune to many a Junior member.

Hitherto, in this exchange of presents, it has been the children's efforts to speak to children by their gifts which has most moved me. But in this case I find also something touching in the teachers' efforts to speak to their "colleagues" in America. They think of the teachers in New York schools "most active in the Junior Red Cross," for whom their gifts are intended, as working against difficulties similar to their own, inspired by the same ideals. And so their hearts go out to you. They want to express their sense of kinship—they want their gifts to say "we are members one of another in our work to educate children and in our effort to cultivate in them these precious sparks of altruism and of international good will which alone can give value, hope, and stability to our unsafe Balkan world."

And most of all, they want to thank America—first for her gift and next for just being America—"the great fair land, where all are kind and just," as one Bulgarian described it to me. It makes me tremble when I think in how many ways we fall short of their ideal of us. But on the other hand, it should be a great stimulus to know how the little backward countries of the world look up to us and expect great things of us in the way of carrying out new paths of justice and humanitarian action. They count on us so much! We would not dare to disappoint them if we knew. And it is a precious freight of this love and respect—almost worship—for America, that is nailed up in the packing case.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLOTTE F. KETT,
Field Representative.

WITH THE JUNIOR RED CROSS IN LITHUANIA

Ruth W. Spencer

In the October number of *THE NEWS* Miss Upjohn introduced us to the Juniors of the Baltic States, beginning with Latvia. Now Miss Spencer, who was with Miss Upjohn, makes us acquainted with the Juniors in Lithuania, and on the following page Miss Upjohn adds further to the picture. When the October *News* was printed, Miss Upjohn's beautiful drawings, made in the Baltic States, had not arrived, but in this number some of those representing what she saw in Latvia and Lithuania are reproduced.

THE children of Lithuania seem even gayer and lighter hearted and more responsive than those of Latvia. They seem to be fired with enthusiasm to learn. They love to sit or play about in groups and to sing national folk songs. The parents appear more serious. There appears to be a never dying courage and perseverance in them which is most admirable; also a patience beyond belief.

Very near to Kaunas (Kovno), the capital of Lithuania in Panemune, on the edge of a glorious spruce forest, stands a simple wooden house. The Lithuanian Junior Red Cross with the help of the American National Children's Fund, has fitted up this house for two months as a Junior summer colony. For one month over 60 girls will live here, drinking fresh milk, eating green vegetables and playing and sleeping in the fresh air. For another month the same number of boys will be given the same opportunities.

This is the first and only summer camp for poor children in Lithuania. The sister, or nurse, here told me that the children live in very dirty, unsanitary homes in the city, and some in cellars where almost no light penetrates. Here the girls and boys will learn to keep clean and help others, and to be healthier and stronger. It was just too pathetic to see the radiancy of the new arrivals when each one found she could have a bed of her very own. One little girl clapped her hands with great excitement, asking if it were really true that she could sleep in such a clean, nice bed. They all began at once patting their pillows and arranging things.

Some who had come the day before brought the new arrivals at once copies of the Lithuanian Junior Magazine *Ziburelis*, and they went about all day with these tucked under their arms. Others who had arrived the day before proudly showed off the place to the newcomers. They began at once to display albums and magazines and told what they knew of the Junior Red Cross. The day before we had sat under the trees and talked about the Juniors. They were very responsive, interrupting to ask questions and expressing much in their little faces. Everywhere we went



A Lithuanian Shepherdess

we saw them here and there telling stories and enjoying games of some kind. They were eager to begin at once to form a "Little Mothers' Class," to learn how to care for their younger brothers and sisters and to help their mothers at home. They will also have instruction in first aid.

Summer colonies, as we know, are usually temporary affairs, but there is no doubt that this colony is meeting a great need and will serve as a starting point for future activities in Lithuania. This group of Juniors will be the second one formed in Lithuania.

Within a short distance from the camp is the Nemunas River, but it is too deep for bathing, so the Lithuanian Junior Red Cross with the help of the National Children's Fund, plans to build a wooden tank which will be anchored near the bank and the children may bathe here daily without fear. Also they plan to build a small shelter for clothes and a place to dress.

The Health Game, Home Care, and Service will play a large part at this Junior summer camp, and the permanent results will lie in the fact that it is a Junior Centre and a forerunner for the fall work. There is no doubt that it will help strengthen the general organization of the Juniors in Lithuania.

THE CHILDREN IN THE CAMP AT KOVNO

LITHUANIAN children are so-
ciable and full of "pep."

Anna Milo Upjohn

They like to gather in groups for work or play. It is not strange then that they should take kindly to the Junior Red Cross idea. "But what can we do?" asked the children of Kovno, looking hopelessly about at their low houses, mouldy with damp, dimly lit, and crowded with families far too big for them. They were told that there is much they can do in the way of service which does not require money, as taking better care of their small brothers and sisters, learning to sew and mend and keeping streets and homes free of rubbish. Then came the story of a camp in the woods which children in America have helped to make homelike for them because they wish to know them better and to be friends.

"They are good children to do that for us!" cried the little Lithuanians wide-eyed. And they decided on the spot that they wished to be Juniors. They pored over the albums from Honolulu and Austria and America, asking curious questions, and they clasped their own small Junior magazine as a wonderful treasure. It is called "Ziburelis" which means "Little Light."

The first 60 guests arrived at the Colony, at Kovno, in a hay wagon, each with a bundle tied in a handkerchief. Dazed, they wandered between the rows of cots freshly made. "What, a bed for me all to *myself*!" exclaimed one child. "Three of us sleep together at home. And sheets! I never had sheets before!"

Out in the sunshine they lose all constraint. Seated in a ring they sing songs with rare sweetness, or romp through the forest gathering wild strawberries and armfuls of bluebells and yellow flowers which they weave into wreaths to lay on their pillows in the dormitory.

In the meantime the Junior project poster* for the Little Mothers' Class had been created in their midst. One child posed for the head of the chief figure, another for the hands, a third for the apron, while the small boy was periodically replaced by another, according to his endurance. The activity represented in the picture was changed from hair brushing to apron buttoning to fit the size of the latest model. The group was tensely interested.

The next morning there was a wave of earnestness. The House Mother was besieged. "When can we begin to brush our little brother's hair?" they clamored. "We want to learn to draw like the lady; we want to take care of our little brothers and sisters!"

Pencils and paper were supplied as first aid to this craving for self-expression, and after a consultation

it was arranged that the Little Mothers' Class should begin at once, and that under the nurse in charge the older girls should care for the younger ones during their month at the camp. Also that materials should be supplied and instruction in sewing given so that each girl could take home with her some simple garment of her own making. Thus the Little Mothers' Class has actually begun and will be continued in Kovno in the autumn. It has been received with such enthusiasm that it bids fair to be a vital project.

The first sixty visitors at the Colony were girls. The next will be boys, but what their plan of service will be I do not know. They must decide that for themselves. Whatever it is they are sure to need your help, for though the Lithuanian children can give much in service, they have little or no money with which to buy tools or materials for any project.



SUMMER COLONISTS AT ASARI, LATVIA

"At Asari the stately pines march down to the sea; between them and the waves lies the white beach. Here the children romp in the surf or burrow in the warm sand." A playroom is being furnished in an orphans' home at Asari by American Juniors

*See the picture on the front cover of this magazine.

PLAYING GAMES WITH JUNIORS



Hawaiian Games and Sketches by Sixth Grade Pupils

KAULUWELA SCHOOL, NORTH
SCHOOL DISTRICT, HONOLULU



MAIKA

MAIKA IS a game played by the ancient Hawaiians. This game was played on a long level track about three feet wide and half a mile long, made smooth and hard. In this track two short sticks were fixed in the ground a few inches apart at a distance of thirty or forty yards.

The players threw a highly polished stone between these two sticks, each trying to throw the stone the farthest.

It is said that one of the best players threw the stone a hundred rods along the track.

SURF RIDING

SURF riding was one of the chief sports of the early Hawaiians and is also a chief sport of the people in Oahu today. It is an interesting game.

We have such good beaches in Oahu that it makes it easy for surf riding. The breakers are not so large and people can swim a great distance and still be safe.

The reef is of nice strong coral and the surf riders

go out a great distance and surf back. The best place and only place for surf riding is at Waikiki.

The best time for surf riding is when the waves are rather high and come rolling in, then the surf riders come surfing in with the waves.

Surf riding is not very easy. It is hard to keep the surf board on the edge of the water and steer it to let the water carry it along. Some men, however, can even surf on their heads.

The wooden surf boards are painted black to prevent cracking. In the olden days the early Hawaiians after using them dried them in the sun, rubbed them with coconut oil, wrapped them in tapa and hung them in the houses.



Hawaiians play games with shells and seeds and the boys have pockets full of marbles. They enjoy board games, too, as much as we do, and in fact it is often hard to realize that their past is so different from our own. In this picture it is the Tapa on the wall which reminds us of their past

LELE KAWA

Another ancient sport was the *lele kawa*, or leaping from a precipice into the deep water below. This is shown in the little sketch in the upper right-hand corner of this page.



THEY LOVE YOUR CHRISTMAS DOLLS

ABOUT a year ago a number of Juniors from Pittsburgh made a visit to Washington, and prominent among the places of interest in the National Capital visited by them was the American Red Cross building. They brought with them as their visiting cards, the very fascinating group of dolls pictured at the bottom of this page and requested that they be presented to girls in Washington who might be in need of just such dolls as these.



Toys made by Detroit Juniors to be sent to children in hospitals and institutions where dolls and dogs are needed to brighten long days

That children the world over dearly love dolls, is one of the discoveries Miss Anna Milo Upjohn has made in her present tour for the Junior Red Cross. In a recent letter written from Sofia she says:

"I wish it were not too late for Juniors who prepare Christmas boxes to know of the almost delirious joy caused by the toys—especially dolls—that were sent in the boxes last year.

While in a mountain village here in Bulgaria, I inadvertently promised a doll to a little girl who was posing for me. Before the day was over I realized that I had let myself in for something large—a row of wistful-eyed, sunburned children stood before me pleading silently. From that time until I went down to Sofia for the week-end I was asked about every ten minutes whether the incredible thing were really true—more for the joy of hearing me answer in the affirmative than from any real doubt, perhaps.

I found the dolls expensive,

80 or 90 cents for a poor little affair which we could buy for a quarter at home. In the end I took four dolls and three sets of dishes. The dolls were fairly worshipped—adored in ecstasy. I have never seen such inarticulate joy. The dishes were accepted with hardly less delight, and were touched with such awe that I had a misgiving that they would never be played with.

Miss Le Gros, one of the American nurses here, told me that a little girl in the hospital took off her bed socks and wrapped her wash cloth about them to make a doll. Miss Torrence, another nurse, has seen girls holding oblong stones tenderly. I spent a day on the mountain with some shepherdesses, big girls in their 'teens, and I promised them ten leva apiece if they would pose for me. They were delighted. Then, exchanging glances, the elder went down on her knees, put her hands together and said softly, "Give us dollies, too!"



FUN FOR LITTLE FOLKS—C. C. CERTAIN

My Teddy Bear



I HAVE a baby Teddy Bear

With pointed ears and woolly hair.



I like his nose, it's tough and black;
And like to push him on his back,
And give his nose a gentle whack.

But this, of course, is just in fun
To make him chase me when I run.

All day long my Teddy Bear
Is at my heels and everywhere.

And when I go to bed at night,
I fold him in the covers tight.

Every morning he's right there—
He wakes me with his baby stare.

THE RUN-A-WAY TOYS



LAST night I dreamed I waked to find the toys were leaving town.

The snow was deep in every street. The moon was shining down.

They leaped and flew, as snow flakes do, before a wintry breeze. "There'll be no play," they seemed to say, "there'll be no Christmas trees."

The Teddy Bears were in one line; the elephants marched together.

In separate flocks the birds came by, in bobbing plume and feather.

And Jumping Jacks, with bending backs, each danced upon his toe;—

While painted clowns their donkeys rode, and raised their horns to blow.

Then came the bisque and china dolls, who all their lives had strolled;—

They ran like runners in a race, or slipped and slid and rolled. They left their tracks upon the snow that in the moonlight glistened.

With face against the window glass, to every sound I listened.

I heard the tread of padded feet, of camels, cats, and kittens. I heard the noise when one black cat dropped a pair of mittens. Their lines were passing all that night, till dawn and break of day;—

When all at once some reindeer came with Santa and his sleigh.

And it was strange, though in a dream, to see what Santa did, When every toy stopped in its tracks to do what he should bid. From out his sleigh, his pack he took, and spread it on the ground.

He beckoned all the toys to come. There was silence all around.

The opening to the pack loomed up, big and round and dark.

Near it good old Santa stood—like Noah by his ark.

The poodle dogs went slowly in with dainty steps and sneezes. Inside they seemed to think there'd be no draughts and wintry breezes.

Each beast and bird and doll walked up and stepped into the pack. And Santa drew its draw-strings then and flung it on his back. And bending low beneath the load, he tossed it in his sleigh. Each reindeer then he called by name and drove them far away.





Christmas

THERE'S a jingle and a tingle in the air,
There's a ringing and a singing everywhere,
All the country-side is waking
To the sound of merry-making
For the Christmas Day is breaking!

THERE'S a drowsy hush of firelight and snow;
Happy children singing carols, hushed and low;
And in the sky's dark diadem,
As radiant as a splendid gem,
The shining Star of Bethlehem.

Ethel Blair Jordan.

